

The Waning Year.

The year is waning, waning,
I feel its close draw near;
A murmur of complaining
In all earth's sounds I hear,
That sigh, "The year is waning,"
And sigh, "O waning year!"
All garnered is its glory,
Its fullness and its might;
The ghostly fields lie hoary
Seen in the early light;
The threads of summer's story
Are lost to touch and sight.
But memories grow dearer
When falls the latest leaf,
And many things grow clearer
To eyes made dim by grief;
And hidden things seem nearer
Because the days are brief.
The wealth we must surrender
Of life, of love, of joy,
Reveals the larger splendor
And grandeur of the night;
And worship that we render
Seems more in God's own sight.
The heavens laid bare above us,
Show forth how He doth love us,
And would our lives unfold;
How the dear Lord would have us
Look up to Him more bold;
With simple, childlike boldness
That fears without a fear;
No stand to be in coldness,
But draws us questioning near;
A glad, forgetful boldness
That saith, "This child is here!"
Oh, as the years go by us,
As year by year they wane,
And many trials try us,
And everything is vain—
If God doth not deny us,
How can our hearts complain?

Patience with the Living.

Sweet friend, when you and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrades or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sorrow,
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simply dying?
Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift to find to see
Shall no defects discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cover
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.
Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere long is past forever,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Thou patience—"in when honest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow."
Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere long is past forever,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

There's nothing so touching as a man's hands

When he sees the sign of Fresh Paint.
While—What do you put holes in the
middle of the cookies for? Cook—To
make them wholesome.
The critic who declares that the Amer-
ican belle is inclined to be idle and listless
never saw her chew gum.
Johnny, you shouldn't run in the rain
without your hat. Mamma, my head
can't get wet, I've had it shingled.
Yes, I'd like to meet some one who has
a good opinion of Striper. Would you?
Then I'll introduce you to Striper.
It is a good idea to suffer with the
toothache occasionally. It proves to
your friends that your teeth are real.
Job got his certificate for patience be-
fore he was obliged to go out and buy
Christmas presents for all of his relatives.
If a man could live a thousand years,
he would probably spend the last fifty
fretting over what he might have done in
the previous wasted time.
At Bar Harbor—How cold and distant
the top of Green Mountain seems from
here. That's natural; it's always piqued,
you know.
"You a brother of a boy," said Maggie.
And Pat replied, as he slyly put his arm
round her waist, "O'd be better brother if
I had a little mate."
Old Man—John, what did you do with
those rules I laid down to govern you
while you were in college? John—Oh, I
laid them down, too, father.
"He pressed her to his breast and sigh-
ed," read the elocutionist; and the
in the rear gallery brought down the
house by yelling, "Which side?"
Little Freddy—I know why you wear
such a long coat! Minister—Why, Freddy?
Little Freddy—To cover up the patches
on the seat of your trousers.
He—Do you think there is anything of-
fensive about me? Miss Willets told me
last evening that my manners put her
in mind of herself. She—Miss Willets
is a fool.
She—We have been discussing the col-
or of Miss Bentley's eyes, Mr. Digby.
Don't you think they are like the Medi-
terranean? He—Well, they do look rather
watery, I must say.
It must be awfully aggravating to you
to have some thought you can't express.
Stammering Simsey—I n-n-n never ex-
pressed a thought in m-m-my life. The
b-best I can do is to s-s-slow freight.
Emaciated invalid (just arrived at the
springs): "Is it true that drinking these
waters produces fat?" Native (weight
250): "Produces fat? Why, stranger,
when I came here I only weighed eight
pounds, and look at me now!"
Friend of the Family—I am afraid you
little fellows don't always agree. You
fight sometimes, don't you? Twins—
Yeth, tho', thumthum. Friend of the
Family—Ah, I thought so! Well, who
whips? Twins—Mamma whips.
He sat and looked at the busy editor
for about fifteen minutes steadily. Finally
he yawned sleepily and remarked:
"There are some things in this world
that go without saying." "I know it,"
snapped the editor, "but there are too
many things that say a good deal without
going."

May I kiss you?

It was in the or-
chard. She answered him not. Picking
a leaf from a pear tree near by, she handed
it to him. He thought he read the an-
swer. "Leave." Turning, he went his
way. She gazed at him with astonish-
ment, for she meant her answer to be,
"You have leaf." Alas! And so it ended.
"Brethren and sisters," said the pas-
tor, "yo' hab been tôle dat de McKinley
bill done gwine ter raise eberything; bud
whatchar want ter recomber am dis
ere: Needer prayer nor de McKinley
bill am a gwine ter raise de morgage what
de butcher an' de grocery-man done hole
on your pastor. De collection will now
be collected."

In an Episcopal church near Boston

the Sunday a lady in passing up the
aisle caught her dress on a corner of the
pew and tore it. As the process of tear-
ing was very audible to the congregation,
the feelings of the lady may be imagined,
when at that moment the clergyman be-
gan the service by reading the sentence,
"Render your heart and not your gar-
ments."

Out of the Waters.

"Tell us a story, Tom. There
couldn't be a better night to hear one.
Hark! hear the wind shrieking over the
rocks and round about the cabin and
the sea; just listen to its roar. The
waves are rising fast. It's go-
ing to be a bad night along the coast.
I hope no ship is close inshore to-
night, unless it is sure of making a
good harbor."

These words were spoken by a fish-
erman of middle age, who, with two
or three others, had made a call upon
old Tom Greggs, who on account of
age and stiff joints had been laid up
for a year or two; stranded like any
other hulk upon the sands and rocks,
as he expressed it, and waiting for
some high sea to set him afloat again,
or to bury him close to the spot where
the cabin stood which had sheltered
him for so many nights in the years
which had gone so swiftly past.
Old Tom had been married, but his
wife had long slept in the old
moss-grown grave-yard inland beyond
the cliff. To cheer his solitude and
listen to the yarns he could spin often
brought his neighbors to his cabin.
On such occasions, the old man's face
would light up, showing plainly that
he was glad to see those who climbed
the rocks to his humble abode.

The old man shook his head in a
deprecatory sort of a way.
"I don't know anything worth tel-
ling to-night, Ben. You've heard
about all the stories I can remember,
good and bad."

"But you must tell us one," his
visitors all clamored in a chorus. "Do
you think that we have clambered up
here on such a night as this, and are
going back with our labor for our
pains?"

"I thought you came up here to
make me a friendly call; I didn't
know that you expected to pay for it."
"But we do," said another, Seth
Wyman by name. "Hear the tem-
pest outside! It is blowing a perfect
gale. Come, spin us a yarn or we
will be scurrying down the cliffs in
less than two seconds."

"I'm not afraid of your doing that,
boys. You would not leave an old
hulk like me all alone in such a gale
as this. I know you too well for that.
It is almost as bad a night as the one
when old Sim Rogers found his treas-
ure on the sands."

"His treasure! What was that?
Did he find a chest of gold left by
Captain Kidd, or was it a casket of
diamonds?"

"It wasn't neither, youngster.
Draw your benches up a little closer
to the fire, and I will tell you what it
was."

They complied with his request
cheerfully, for through the clinks in
the wall the tempest found its way
in and sent a cold shiver down their
backs. They were satisfied, for they
had got old Tom started, and they
were sure of the story which they had
come through the darkness and storm
to hear.

Old Tom gazed for a moment or
two into the fire which blazed cheer-
ily upon the hearth, as though trying
to gather his wits together, and then
he began:
"Old Sim Rogers, when he got to be
along in years, and had sailed most
of his voyages, was not like me, cast
on a shore where there was not a sail
in sight. He had a little craft which
kept him well in sight, to see that
he did not run on to the rocks or
get buried in the quicksands. She was
his cousin's daughter, and he be-
ing long dead, and there being no one
to take care of her, she had come to
live with him and be his house-
keeper, and for a dozen years she had
made a good one. There was not a
cabin anywhere along the coast that
was kept so neat and trim, and prais-
es of her as a housekeeper were on
the tongue of every good dame along
the coast who knew her good points."

"Old Sim had a son two or three
years older than the girl, and every-
body said they would make a match
of it some day when Nellie should be
a little older. A good pair they
would have been, and there was no
doubt but that they were fond of each
other; but one day the young chap
and his father quarreled. What it
was about I don't remember now.
The old man had a will of his own,
and the boy Dick was as high-tem-
pered as he. So what did he do but
go off to the next port and ship for
three years on board a merchantman
bound for the East Indies."

"When the three years were up, he
did not come home, and in all this
time they had not had a single word
from him and did not know whether
he was living or dead."

"Old Sim had long since repented
his hasty words, and would have given
all that he had in the world to have
him back again. This he had said
over and over to Nellie, and then
he more frequently of late, now that the
three years for which the boy had
shipped were gone past by several
months and there was no token of his
returning."

"In her heart Nellie yearned for
him, as she alone knew. The secret
of her girlish love she had kept lock-
ed in her own breast. It did seem
as though her heart would break when
Dick went away in his wrath; but no
one guessed it. She had gone on
with her household duties the same
as before, and tried to fill the place
of both son and daughter to the old
fisherman, who seemed to be fast
breaking up, like some old hulk upon
the rocks."

"One terrible stormy night, much
such a one as this, only the wind and
waves were higher, old Sim and Nel-
lie sat before the blazing fire, much
as we are doing now. For several
minutes neither had spoken, but with
their eyes fastened on the flame seem-
ed to be watching them as they danc-
ed up the wide open-mouthed chim-
ney. The roar of the ocean, close
beside them, was so deafening that it
would have been hard to hear the

The Dykes of Holland.

A certain zealous dame is said to
have once attempted to sweep the
ocean away with a broom. The
Dutch have been wiser than this.
They are slow and deliberate people.
Desperation may use brooms, but
deliberation prefers clay and solid
masonry. So, slowly and delib-
erately, the dykes, those great hill-like
walls of cement and stone, have risen
to breast the buffeting waves. And
the funny part of it is, they are so
skillfully slanted and paved on the
outside with flat stones that the
efforts of the thumping waves to beat
them down only make them all the
firmer.

These Holland dykes are among
the wonders of the world. I cannot
say for how many miles they stretch
along the coast, and throughout the
interior; but you may be sure that
wherever a dyke is necessary to keep
back the encroaching waters, there it
is. Otherwise, nothing would be
there—at least, nothing in the form
of land; nothing but a fearful illu-
stration of the principal law of hy-
drostatics: Water always seeks its
level.

Sometimes the dykes, however
carefully built, will "spring a leak,"
and if not attended to at once, terrible
results are sure to follow. In three-
ended places guards are stationed at
intervals, and a steady watch is kept
up night and day. At the first signal
of danger, every Dutchman within
hearing of the startling bell is ready
to rush to the rescue. When the
weak spot is discovered, what do you
think is used to meet the emergency?
What, but straw—everywhere else
considered the most helpless of all
things in water! Yet straw, in the
hands of the Dutch, has a will of its
own. Woven into huge mats and
securely pressed against the embank-
ment, it defies even a rushing tide,
eager to sweep over the country.

These dykes form almost the only
perfectly dry land to be seen from
the ocean side. They are high and
wide, with fine carriage-roads on top,
sometimes lined with buildings and
trees. Lying on one side of them
and nearly on a level with the edge,
is the sea, lake, canal, or river, as
the case may be; on the other, the
flat fields stretching dapple along at
their base, so that cottage roofs
sometimes are lower than the shining
line of water. Frogs squatting on
the shore can take quite a bird's-eye
view of the landscape; and little fish
wiggle their tails higher than the
tops of the willows near-by. Horses
look complacently down upon the
bell-towers; and men in skiffs and
canal-boats sometimes know when
they are passing their friend Dirk's
cottage only by seeing the smoke from
his chimney; or perhaps by the cart-
wheel that he has perched upon the
peak of its overhanging thatched
roof, in the hope that some stork
will build her nest there, and so
bring good luck.—St. Nicholas.

I wished I was dead, after suffering several
years with the Leucorrhoea, and no doubt I would
have been, only a lady induced me to try Sulphur
Bitters. Now I am well. Three bottles cured me.
—Mrs. Capps, Newport, R. I.

Wouldst thou have thy flesh obey
thy spirit? Then let thy spirit obey
thy God. Thou must be governed
that thou mayst govern.

A dyspeptic argument is a growl, and that
growl marks the limit of argument with him. The
best way to get him to try a medicine would be to
advise against it—but notice how different his tone
after some Burdock Blood Bitters.
"I have suffered with dyspepsia for the last two
years. Not long ago I commenced taking B. B. B.
I am now on the second bottle and I feel like a
new man."
—G. KXOX,
12 Sherwood Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.

Repeated tests with uniform success prove the
fact that Burdock Blood Bitters will cure dyspep-
sia. The reason is plain, it tones the stomach to
natural action and keeps the sluice ways of the
system free from clogging impurities.
"I have been troubled with dyspepsia and heart
disease for nine years, and found no relief until I
tried Burdock Blood Bitters. Now I am well after
taking two bottles. MRS. ETTIE FRAZIER,
Browns, Mich."

Build Up by Protection.

Protection in the United States, has
been discussed throughout the world
so thoroughly that it almost seems as
if it were impossible to say anything
new about it. At the monthly meet-
ing of the British chamber of com-
merce in Paris, held on Saturday
evening, this topic was once more
the object of an animated argument,
but it cannot be said that any novel
ideas were forthcoming. One very
pertinent point was emphasized, how-
ever, and although it is by no means a
fresh conception, it is one that should
be taken to heart by all rampant
free-traders. It was this: "That
without protection the United States
industries would never have got a
start; they would have been strang-
led." It is only 3000 miles away
from the American coast that any
attempt is made to deny this incon-
testable statement. In the states
themselves no one denies it. Just as
the Chinese labor in California would
have throttled all the native labor in
that state had it not been rigidly ex-
cluded, so would cheap foreign com-
petition have throttled all branches
of American native industry. The
United States is "a world within it-
self," and arguments applicable to
other nations have no bearing what-
ever on the gigantic republic beyond
the Atlantic.—Galignani's Messenger.

The greatest sufferers in the world are women.
Their delicate organization being particularly sus-
ceptible to derangement and disease, Dr. Kennedy's
Favorite Remedy of Roudot, N. Y., purifies the
blood, invigorates the system and fortifies it against
the diseases incident to age, climate and season. It
is the best medicine in the world. Keep it in the
house for your children's sake, as well as for your
own.

That which we are we shall teach,
not voluntarily, but involuntarily.
The reason why Arica & Oil Liniment is so pop-
ular with the ladies is because it not only is very
healing and soothing but its odor is not at all offen-
sive.

There's no man who does not ex-
pect his Maker to be more merciful
to him than he is to his fellows.

Steady employment and liberal wages is offered
to another column by Sears, Henry & Co., Genev-
re, N. Y. They are a reliable firm. Established 1869.

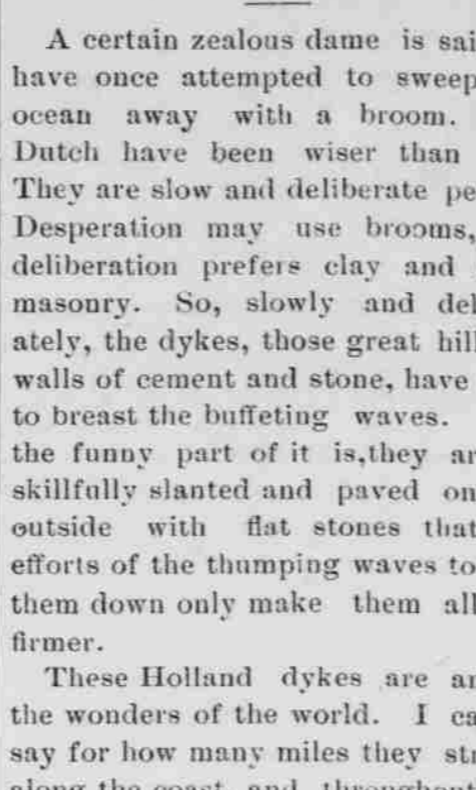
The way to get your children to go
where you want them to, is to walk
the way you point.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Carey's "Ask great things of God,
and attempt great things for God"
will never cease to be the ringing
missionary motto of the church; for
it meant faith and courage combined.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MONDAY, DEC. 15, 1890.



GRAND - OPENING - DAY

—OF THE—

E. & T. Fairbanks
NEW DRY GOODS STORE,
Main St., St. Johnsbury, Vt.

It gives us great pleasure to announce the completion of the New Dry
Goods Store. Everybody invited to visit us and see one of the largest and
best equipped Dry goods Stores to be found between Boston and Montreal.

Fully Supplied with all the Modern Conven-
iences Necessary to a First Class Store.

Lights by Electricity. The attractive Lamson Ball Cash System and
Pneumatic Tube adopted. An Elegant Art Room where rich Art
Goods will be displayed.

Ladies' Parlor, fitted up for the convenience and pleasure of
our customers. Elegant Large Show Windows, with
an Attractive display of Goods.

We intend to make this the Leading Dry Goods Store in this section,
if not in the State, believing that such a store and stock of goods is de-
manded by the people of our own rapidly growing town and the surround-
ing community.

—A large Stock of new and—

DESIRABLE GOODS

Will be Found in all Departments.

Our purchases for this opening have been unusually large, and we are
prepared to show one of the finest stocks to be found outside the city stores.

A Word in Regard to Prices!

Nearly all our goods are bought direct from the manufacturers or are of
our own importation, thereby saving the intermediate profit of the jobbers,
of which our customers will have full benefit.

All goods marked in plain figures, and GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED.

For the benefit of many people who are not acquainted with our store
and stock, we will mention the different departments in which a full line
of goods belonging to each may be obtained.

First Floor

Dress Goods and Silk Dept.
Small Ware
Gents' Furnishing Goods
Gents' Shoe
Ladies' Shoe

Second Floor

Carpet and Wall Paper Dept.
Ladies' Garment
Grocery and Lamp
Drapery and Shoe
Silver Plated Ware and Cutlery

Holiday Goods.

Our stock is full of Holiday Novelties and useful articles which will
doubtless gladden the heart of the recipient. We have not the space
neither could we begin to mention the different articles which we have se-
lected. Come and see for yourselves.

LADIES' GARMENTS.

In addition to our already large stock we shall have a new line sent us,
direct from one of the leading New York manufacturers, representing all
the latest styles in

Jackets,

Wraps,

Newmarkets,

Plush Jackets,

Sacques, Etc.

All the odd sizes in our own stock marked down to close.

We have also made arrangements with a New York Furrier to be present
on our Opening days with a full line of Fur Goods.

Genuine Alaska Seal Garments, Fur Lined

Circulars, Shoulder Capes,

Muffs, Etc.

This will be a grand opportunity for any desirous of purchas-
ing Fur Garments to see and select from one of the largest and
most reliable fur houses in the business. These goods will be
found in the Ladies' Garment Department, Second Floor.

Our store will be open every evening during the Holidays except
Wednesday.

An extra force of clerks has been engaged, and we hope to be
able to serve customers promptly.

E. & T. FAIRBANKS & CO.

NOTE.—Packages delivered free of expense to any part of the village and
depot.

THE LUCKY



PULMONIC SYRUP.

Fifty years of success is sufficient evidence
of the value of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup as a
cure for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Hoarse-
ness, Sore Throat, &c. It contains no opium
is pleasant to the taste.
For Sale by all Druggists. Price \$1.00 per
bottle. Dr. J. C. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

New Pension Bill.

Dependent parents, widows, all disabled soldiers
without regard to origin of disability, whether con-
tracted in the service or not, all soldiers drawing
less than \$2 per month and must draw less
than \$12 per month, and others entitled thereto,
should apply immediately to receive the benefits
of the new pension bill just passed.
No matter if you have a claim pending or are
now drawing a pension, you can apply under the
new law and continue to draw under the old.
You can use the proceeds of pension obtained un-
der the new law to pay the old claim. Pension
begins from date of filing application. Food easily
obtained.
I am prepared to prosecute claims under this
law. Let me forward you the necessary blanks to
execute at once, or better still come and see me and
I will give you a complete attention whether an-
cient or new law.
H. B. CUSHMAN, Pension Attorney.
Court House, Newport, Vt.

Citizens Savings Bank

& Trust Co.

TELLS HOW TO GET RICH.

"Take care of the cents and the dollars
will take care of themselves."
Save your earnings and make your deposits
regularly every month and 10 cents saved every
day will amount to \$3.65 per year.
Citizens Savings Bank & Trust Co.
Of St. Johnsbury

with interest at 4 per cent. compound semi-annually
amounts to:
1 year to \$3.65
2 years to \$7.30
3 years to \$10.95
4 years to \$14.60
5 years to \$18.25
We guarantee 4 per cent. to depositors, and
should any loss occur, it does not fall upon the de-
positor but upon the stockholders for the same as with
National Banks.
All deposits will receive prompt attention, and
money may be sent to us in a registered letter or
by draft payable to the Citizens Savings Bank and
Trust Co.
JOHN T. RITCHIE, Treasurer.
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

STOP AND READ!

LIFE INSURANCE.

Did you ever think of Life Insurance as an in-
vestment as well as protection. The Northwestern
Mutual Life Insurance can place a policy on your
life for the same amount of money as any other com-
pany, and will give you a higher rate of interest than any Savings Bank.
Remember this!

Solid Company

AND

First Class

In every respect. If you do not understand how
this is done call upon us at the American House
in Burlington every Friday.

Perry Porter.

West Burke, Vt.

SPECIAL AGENT NORTHWESTERN LIFE INS. CO.

Dana W. Brown,

(SUCCESSOR TO N. M. SCOTT)

Having bought out the entire stock of goods at

DEPOT STORE,

BARTON, VT.,

I wish to state to the former patrons of said store and every one in general,
that I intend to keep at all times a large stock of

Flour, Corn, Oats, Corn Meal, Cottonseed Meal, Mid-
dlings, Bran, Salt, Lime, Cement, Iron and Nails,
Blacksmith's supplies of all kinds, Bolts, Rivets, Wash-
ers, Kerosene Oil, the best in the market, Drain Pipe,
and in fact everything usually kept in a store of this kind. And hoping
by close attention to business and fair dealing with all to merit a goodly
share of your patronage.

—My motto will be—

QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.

Please give me a call and get prices.

VERY TRULY,

DANA W. BROWN.

Barton, October 27.

ORCUTT'S.

FOR XMAS GOODS

We can give you a fine selection of Fur Caps, Scotch Caps, Toggles, &c.
Wool Scarfs and Belts.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS

SILK MUFLERS,

The largest variety we have ever carried; can give every one a pleasing
selection. Anything in lined and fur trimmed kid gloves and mittens.
Laboring gloves and mittens of all kinds.

Caligan jackets, reefers, leather coats, &c. Fine line in hosiery; our
line of neckware is unsurpassed.

Our stock is complete in other branches. Have only mentioned a few
lines, especially attractive for holiday trade.

Orcutt's Cash Clothing Store.